Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more *German* to the matter if we could carrie a Canon by our sides, I would it might bee hangers till then, but on, six *Barbary* horses against six *French* Swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my dutie to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drossie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of mistie collect on, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinons, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by yong *Ostricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fitnesse speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, prouided I be so able as now.

Lord.

Lord. The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into *France*, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the oddes; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolerie, but it is such a kind of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obay it. I shall forestall their repaire hither and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we defie Augurie, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrow, if it bee, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readinesse is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht
With a sore distraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnesse,
Was't *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*,
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when he's not himselfe, doe's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* doe's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who does it then? his madnesse. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my Arrow ore the house